

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 717.

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as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

## MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, TO-DAY'S BRIDE.



America has gone mad over the wedding to-day of Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the President. For the past month the bride has spent every afternoon at concerts and every night at a dinner or a dance, and every paper has published columns about her to meet the insatiable curiosity of the American public. Never was such a number of presents received by any bride. They arrive at the White House by the

wagon and motor load. They come from Emperors—the German Emperor, the Emperor of Japan, and the Emperor of China have sent handsome gifts—and errand-boys. It is estimated the picture postcards sent will number over a million, and the postal department frankly admits its inability to deliver them.—  
(A portrait of the bridegroom appears on page 8.)



# You are to be the Judge

You are to be the one to say whether we are right or wrong. We leave it entirely for you to decide. We take your word absolutely.

The only evidence we want to submit is a 4s. 6d. packet of VITE-ORE, which we want you to use during the next thirty days at our risk. All we ask is a fair verdict.

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## BE YOUR OWN



JUDGE.

## WE WILL SEND YOU

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Thousands of people have testified to its remarkable efficiency, to the truth of our claims. Its very nature and record deserves a test by every person who needs a curative remedy. **VITE-ORE HAS CURED** more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine. If yours is such a case, do not doubt, do not hesitate, but **SEND TO-DAY FOR A PACKET ON 30 DAYS TRIAL.**

a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet of VITE-ORE, post free, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for one month after receipt, if you are cured, and understand we ask pay only if you are cured. **WE TAKE ALL THE RISK—YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE.** If it does not benefit you, you pay nothing. We give you thirty days to try Vite-Ore, thirty days to see results before you pay one penny, and you do not pay unless you do see the results. **YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!** We know Vite-Ore, and are willing to take the risk.

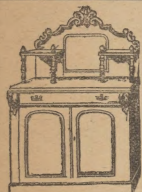
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deteriorate rapidly, and if transported fail to produce the desired results. A letter to us will bring a healing mineral spring to your door, to your chamber will bring you VITE-ORE, a mineral spring condensed and concentrated, a wonderfully effective remedy for the cure of the life with which man is afflicted. Why continue to suffer when Nature's remedy can be had for the asking, without a penny's risk? Send for it to-day, giving age and ailment, and mention this paper. Address—

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## KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

A Superb TONIC FOR THE LIVER

There is no finer medicine extant for Constipation (the scourge of humanity), Dyspepsia, Headache, or Indigestion.

**SAMPLE BOX FREE OF CHARGE**

### LIVER LOGIC.

The Liver is the most important organ of the human body.

A bad Liver means a bad temper; an active Liver, cheerfulness.

If you want to eat well, live well, sleep well, and work well—

Take Kaye's Worsdell's Pills. They will make you feel A1.

They bring back the ruddy glow of health and laughing eyes.

Once tried and proved, we expect you to recommend them to all you know.

One good turn deserves another, and recommendation costs nothing.

Some people doubt the efficacy of medicine in any form.

These are the people we want to test Kaye's Worsdell's Pills.

The greater the sceptic, the greater the victory. Test them at once.

They are old-fashioned, but they have never been beaten as a Liver Tonic.

### TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. W. Kirby, 4, Ludgate Arcade, E.C., writes:—

"My wife was very ill, and had the opinion of several doctors, when I gave Kaye's Worsdell's Pills a trial, and am glad to say they have perfectly cured my wife. We always keep them in the house."

To obtain Kaye's Worsdell's Pills free of charge and post paid

**SIGN THIS FORM.**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

("Daily Mirror" Feb 17, 1906.)

**NOTE.**—Try before you buy is common sense. We believe in common sense, and will send you a sample box of pills absolutely free of charge.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, in note. Don't be put off with inferior substitutes.

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# EPPS'S COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.



## MR. BALFOUR TO BE OPPOSED.

Liberals Decide To Fight for  
the City Seat.

## MR. GIBBS RESIGNS.

Radicals Pledged Not To Reveal  
Their Candidate's Name.

Mr. Balfour will have to fight for the City of London seat vacated by the Hon. Alban Gibbs. The decision to oppose the ex-Premier was arrived at by the executive committee of the City of London Liberal Association yesterday, when fifteen members attended a hastily-summoned meeting.

Mr. J. Irving Courtenay occupied the chair, and others present included Sir Pateson Nickalls, Sir Samuel Montagu, Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P., Mr. J. Bamford Slack, and Mr. B. F. Hawksley.

After deliberations lasting an hour and a half the following official statement was issued:—

At a full meeting of the executive committee of the City of London Liberal Association held to-day, Mr. J. Irving Courtenay presiding, it was resolved to recommend the council of the association to contest the seat.

"We have already a candidate in view," said one gentleman who had been present at the meeting to the *Daily Mirror*, "but we are in honour bound not to make any public statement on the subject or mention any name until the executive meets on Monday morning at the Cannon-street Hotel."

### MR. MASON'S "CANDIDATURE."

Although Mr. D. M. Mason has not withdrawn his candidature as an Independent Liberal, it is not likely that he will go to the poll, while Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, ex-M.P. for King's Lynn, has now, of course, expressed his determination not to enter the field.

On Monday Mr. Balfour will visit Billingsgate Market in the morning, and the Mincing-lane sale-rooms in the afternoon.

On Tuesday he will address a meeting at Cannon-street Hotel, and on Wednesday visit the Central Markets and the Baltic Exchange.

Last night's "London Gazette" stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had appointed the Hon. Alban George Henry Gibbs to be Steward and Bailiff of the Manor of Northstead. This office is, of course, like the Chiltern Hundreds. Its acceptance means resignation from the House of Commons.

## "THE DUKE" LOSES HIS WRIT.

Between forty and fifty peers took the oath in the Hereditary Chamber yesterday.

The Duke of Devonshire's memory played him an awkward little trick. He forgot his writ of summons! It was, however, subsequently found by one of the clerks in the clerk-room, and after a little delay the venerable statesman was able to complete the accustomed formalities at the table and exchange a few jokes with Lord Ribblesdale behind the Bishops' benches.

A touch of pathos was given to the sitting by the presence of Lord Aldeham, the aged father of the Hon. Alban Gibbs, the member for the City of London. In consequence of his affliction the venerable peer could only offer his left hand to the occupant of the Wool sack.

The sitting lasted barely half an hour.

## THE KING'S SPEECH APPROVED.

The King held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon for the purpose of finally approving the terms of the Royal Speech, which is to be read in both Houses of Parliament next Monday afternoon.

During the afternoon a meeting of the Cabinet was held at 10, Downing-street, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman presiding.

## "DAILY MAIL" GUIDE TO WESTMINSTER.

As already announced, the new "Daily Mail" Guide to the old and new Parliaments, publication of which was unavoidably postponed, will appear on Monday. Owing to the great demand, those who wish to secure a copy without delay will do well to send in their order now either to the Publisher, 2, Carnarvon House, London, E.C., or to Messrs. Geo. Philip and Son, 32, Fleet-street, E.C. The cost of the Guide is 1s. net (post free, 1s. 1d.). The Guide consists of a chart graphically illustrated in colours in such a way as to show at a glance the disposition of parties in the old and new Parliaments, and also of a 16-page handbook forming a complete "Who's Who" and "What's What" in connection with the present political situation.

## FUNERAL OF KING CHRISTIAN.

Remains Removed, Amid Impressive  
Scenes, to Roskilde.

## KISSING THE COFFIN.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—The King of Norway arrived here from Christiania at ten minutes to eight o'clock this morning, and was received at the station by the King and Queen. Their Majesties affectionately embraced their son as he stepped on to the platform, and the Queen was evidently much affected.

His Majesty was not accompanied by Queen Maud, who has been ailing for some time past.

This is King Haakon's first visit, since his accession, to Copenhagen, where he is a universal favourite, and notwithstanding the early hour a small crowd had assembled outside the station to greet him.

### THROUGH SWEDISH TERRITORY.

At the last moment King Haakon decided to travel by the overland route from Christiania instead of by sea, and he therefore passed through Swedish territory.

At about half-past eleven the members of the royal family arrived at the Castle church, and a memorial service was held, at which the Court Chaplain preached a short sermon.

At its conclusion the coffin was borne from the church by four naval commandants and four army colonels and placed on a bier.

Amid the tolling of the bells of all the churches and a salute from the arsenal the funeral cortege started on its way to the railway station. Lines of people had assembled along the route, and the windows of every house were thickly thronged with spectators.

After the service the royal ladies watched the departure of the procession from a building between the Castle church and the Christiansborg, and then drove to the station.

### THE KING'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The late King's charger, led by two of his Majesty's personal grooms, followed the hearse.

The streets along the route were lined by veteran and other military associations, students, and post office employees, and these joined the procession as it passed.

Profound silence and perfect order prevailed everywhere, and every head was bared before the remains of the dead King.

On the arrival at the station the coffin was borne to the train, and the Royal Family took their seats, Prince Waldemar, Princess Marie, and the Court Chamberlain travelling with the coffin.

On reaching Roskilde the coffin was carried to the cathedral, where it was placed on a catafalque before the high altar.

When the last anthem had been sung the King and Queen stepped to the catafalque and kissed the coffin. The other members of the Royal Family and the princely personages also knelt down by the coffin and kissed it.

The illustrious mourners subsequently proceeded to the Frederik V. Chapel, and stayed awhile by the coffin of the late Queen.

Prince Ferdinand Marie (representing the King of Spain), the Count of Turin (representing the King of Italy), and a representative of the King of Siam arrived to-night.—Reuter.

## STONES THROWN AT A QUEEN.

Jeering Villagers Molest Royal Lady Whom Mischap  
to Motor-Car Detained Among Them.

Queen Margherita of Italy, in her trip in a motor-car in Norway, has been mobbed by rustics, says the Paris "Auto."

A slight accident occurred to the car near a village. Villagers soon surrounded it, and insulting comments were passed upon the tourists, one of whom was ill-advised enough to say a queen was in the car.

"A queen! She must be Queen of Death, since she rides in a diabolical carriage," cried a peasant. The car commenced to move, which was the signal for the firing of stones.

Luckily the 40-horse power machine was soon set at its best speed, and Queen Margherita was borne out of danger.

## ROYAL TOURISTS AT TALANA HILL.

DUNDEE, Friday.—The Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia of Connaught arrived here to-day. Their Royal Highnesses visited Talana Hill, where the first battle of the late Boer war was fought, and the grave of General Sir W. Penn Symonds, who was mortally wounded in the engagement. Princess Patricia planted a pine tree on the grave. The royal party afterwards took train for Lady-smith.—Reuter.

The King conferred a knighthood yesterday upon Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton.

## EARTHQUAKE HAVOC.

Three Hundred Inhabitants Perish, and Four  
Islands Vanish.

NEW YORK, Friday.—The following telegram regarding the earthquake in South America has been received here from Guayaquil, Ecuador: The first earthquake shock in the province of Esmeraldas, Ecuador, was felt at ten o'clock on the morning of January 31, and the disturbance continued, with short intervals, until the 6th inst. The inhabitants abandoned their homes in panic, and families are still living in the open air, fearing a repetition of the shocks.

In the city of Esmeraldas a church, a house occupied as barracks, and a boys' school collapsed.

At Porto Vargastown there was also a great panic, and several persons were killed under the ruins of fallen houses. At Lalota (Esmeraldas) twenty-three houses collapsed, and all the rest were greatly damaged. In the neighbourhood of Port Limones four small islands disappeared. They were inhabited by fishermen, who escaped in small boats and were at sea for three days until the water was calm enough to allow them to reach the mainland. The city of Esmeraldas was nearly inundated. A tidal wave entered the port, flooding the principal streets, and the inhabitants ran for the mountains.

All the towns in the provinces of Esmeraldas and Manabí were greatly damaged, especially Rioverde, Camarones, Lalota, Limones, Borbon, and Pinguari. Most of the inhabitants were killed. At the Colombian towns of Mosquera, San Juan, and Domingo Ortiz more than three hundred persons perished.—Reuter.

## MOORISH WARSHIP SHELLED.

French Man-of-War Interferes To Protect a Con-  
triband Vessel.

GIBRALTAR, Friday.—The Moorish warship Turki yesterday pursued the French steamer Zenith for landing contraband goods at Marchica, but the French warship Lalonde, however, got between the vessels and stopped the pursuit. The Turki then shelled the French factory at Marchica, and the Lalonde replied by firing four shells at the Turki.

Subsequently both vessels returned to Melilla. The Moorish commander protested, but the French refused to forbade firing on the factory until the French subjects had been withdrawn.

It is understood that the Spanish Government are sending orders to the cruiser Extremadura, now at Melilla, to protect the Turki, using force if necessary.—Exchange.

## BOAT SHATTERED ON THE ROCKS.

Gallant Rescue in the Darkness of the Crew of a  
Fishing Vessel.

Rough weather at sea is being accompanied by a tale of shipping casualties.

While a fishing fleet was endeavouring to enter Lybster Harbour, Caithness, one boat was thrown on the jagged rocks, the crew being left struggling in the water. Much gallantry was shown by the rescuers, whose work was rendered difficult by the darkness, and all the crew were saved.

The liner Devonian, which went ashore on the coast of Massachusetts, and was refloated, has been found, on being docked at Boston, to be undamaged.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

On the advice of his physician, King Oscar will leave Sweden on February 21 for Cap Martin, on the Riviera, paying a short visit to the German Emperor on his way.

The name of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, ex-Colonial Secretary, was mentioned at a Unionist meeting at Farnborough last night in connection with the parliamentary vacancy in North Hants.

General Machacha, head of the Abyssinian Mission to the Sultan, who is leaving Alexandria for Jerusalem, reports that he was robbed of his pocket-book containing £25,000 in notes during the voyage from Constantinople.

While a car containing explosives was being unloaded at the Nicolai Station, in St. Petersburg, an explosion occurred, wounding several persons, and inquiries subsequently proved that the explosives were destined for anarchistic purposes.

The British Government have made representations at Constantinople with regard to the Turkish occupation of Tabah, and a British officer has been dispatched from Cairo to the scene of action, to which H.M. cruiser Diana has also been ordered.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Strong and squally south-westerly to north-westerly wind; changeable, showery to fine; colder; frost at night.

Lighting-up time, 6.15 p.m.  
Sea passages will be rather rough generally.

## MISS ROOSEVELT'S WEDDING.

To-day's Ceremony at the White  
House at Washington.

## PRESENTS WORTH £80,000.

At noon to-day—at about five o'clock in the afternoon, according to Greenwich time—Miss Alice Roosevelt, the eldest daughter of the President of the United States, will be led to the altar by Mr. Nicholas Longworth, a wealthy member of Congress. The ceremony will take place in the White House, at Washington, the President's official residence.

Never before has there taken place in America a wedding which has aroused anything like the interest created by to-day's ceremony.

At the moment Miss Roosevelt—or "Princess Allas," as she is called—is the idol of the American public. Wedding presents to the value of £80,000 have been sent to her, and invitations to her wedding have been coveted to such an extent that many of those people whom it was found impossible to invite, because of the lack of space, are never likely to forgive the Roosevelt family. As it is, however, only a small proportion of the 1,000 guests will be able to see the actual ceremony.

### SURROUNDED BY POLICE.

By the time this issue of the *Daily Mirror* reaches our readers, the White House will be surrounded by police, for it is by no means unlikely that the crowd, in their excitement, will create a riot.

This morning's post will see the arrival at the White House of 1,000,000 postcards, sent from all parts of the United States. Each will bear a portrait of the bride, "best wishes," and the name and address of the sender. Thousands of congratulatory telegrams arrived yesterday in company with all sorts of impossible presents, such as apple and cranberry pies, woolen socks, and trumpery trinkets.

### SOME OF THE PRESENTS.

Among the wedding-gifts are the following:—Cheque for £2,000 and silver from President Roosevelt.

Magnificent bracelet from the Kaiser. Goblets tapestry from the French Government. Large dowry chest filled with antiques, art treasures, and silk from the Dowager-Empress of China.

Diamond and silver pendant from the Emperor of Austria.

Silver candlesticks and wonderful embroidery from the Emperor of Japan.

Necklace and pendant of 38 diamonds. Eleven other necklaces and chains of diamonds and pearls.

Twenty silver vases.

Ten loving-cups and punch-bowls.

Ten bracelets.

Twenty-two brooches.

Many large pieces of silver.

Three complete sets of silver tableware.

Eighteen watches and clocks.

Fifteen rings.

One thousand pieces of fine china.

One hundred yards of lace.

One picture.

### CORPSE IN THE BRIDAL CAR.

One great mistake was made yesterday, telegraphically.

The private car belonging to the New York Central Railway Company which is to be used for the honeymoon trip was by an unfortunate mistake used to convey to her home in Indiana the body of a Washington lady.

On its arrival in Indianapolis the crowd that had assembled to view the "bridal" car were more than surprised to see the use to which it had been put.

Immediately the railway officials learned of the contretemps they transferred the body to another car and returned the Longworth car to Washington.

### MILLIONAIRE DCG-SHOW RIVALS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Keen rivalry between Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Samuel Untermyer, colli-dogs has been, says a New York correspondent, a feature of the "Kenilworth Club Show."

The rivalry was accentuated by Mr. Untermyer's importation of the English champion, bold Prunella, and her daughter, Greystone, chantress.

## JAPAN'S COURTESY TO AN ENGLISH PRINCE.

TOKIO, Friday.—The Japanese cruisers Yuku Asama, and Iwate, and the gunboat Chihaya, been ordered to proceed to the entrance Bay of Tokyo to escort thence to Yokohama cruiser Diadem with Prince Arthur of Connaught.—Reuter.



## PEER WEDS A

### "GIBSON GIRL."

Lord de Clifford Marries Miss  
Eva Carrington.

## ANOTHER STAGE ROMANCE.

Another fair actress joins the ranks of those peers who owe their present position amongst titled persons to their own personal charms and their association with the stage.

Miss Eva Carrington, a charming young lady, who has appeared in "Bluebell" at the Aldwych Theatre, yesterday became the wife of Lord de Clifford, of Dalgan Park, Shrule, Tiam.

Those who still retain the happy beliefs of their younger days will be rejoiced to learn that the marriage is the outcome of a love match. Miss Carrington is young and beautiful—a tall brunette, who links to facial attractions and stately carriage all the charms of a fascinating personality. Lord de Clifford is young and good-looking.

If there was no tacit engagement between the young people, it makes the marriage all the more romantic, for Lord de Clifford has been away from England for some little time, and only arrived back in London from Cairo on Monday.

Last night Lord and Lady de Clifford left London, it is understood, for Paris, and will proceed to Abyssinia, from where they will return in about six months, their present intention being to then settle down in Ireland.

### "Will Grace the Peerage."

It is now seven years since, at the age of fourteen, Miss Carrington was first associated with Mr. Seymour Hicks's companies, and she was one of the bevy of "Gibson Girls" in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville. Recently she has been playing in "Bluebell in Fairland," but, in view of her marriage, has retired from the stage.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is delighted with the match. So is his charming wife—Miss Ellaline Terriss.

"Miss Carrington," said Mr. Hicks yesterday, "is one of the most delightful young ladies you could meet, and will grace the peerage, as she would any position. Good luck to them both."

Lord de Clifford is a handsome officer of twenty-two, only slightly older than his wife. He is the twenty-fifth baron, and his family's motto—What will be, will be—curiously significant in view of his romantic choice of a bride.

Miss Carrington's elevation to the rank of a peeress reflects the fact that the Countess of Orkney, the Countess of Clancarty, and the Marchioness of Headfort were, at one time respectively Miss Connie Gilchrist, Miss Belle Bilton, and Miss Rosie Boote.

### Peerage Dates from 1299.

The Barony of de Clifford was created by writ so long ago as 1299, but the family had been great in the land since the time of Henry II., and it is claimed that "Fair Rosamund," the favourite of Henry II., was a daughter of Walter de Clifford. It was she who was concealed in a mare in which she was discovered by Queen Eleanor with the aid of a silken thread.

The De Clifford family held for some time the title of Earl of Cumberland and Westmorland, but this is now extinct.

During the Wars of the Roses the ninth baron was killed, and the family honours were forfeited in 1461, but were restored to the tenth baron, of whom the romantic story is told that his mother, with a view to preserving his life, concealed his existence from everyone and brought the boy up a shepherd.

## TRICK DEPRIVES DISTRICT OF WATER.

Swindlers Coolly Carry Off Taps Before the Eyes  
of Victimised Tenants.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—By an ingenious trick, the inhabitants of a number of houses in the Faubourg St. Denis have been deprived of their water supply.

A well-dressed man yesterday morning called on the doorkeepers of the houses and informed them that the water company had received many complaints about the taps, and were sending workmen to remove those defective and replace them with better ones.

Shortly afterwards two workmen appeared drawing a hand-cart loaded with bits of lead-piping, plumbing tools, etc., and, entering each flat in succession, took off the taps.

The day passed, however, without anyone returning to replace the taps, and the inhabitants of the quarter were left without water. At last one telephoned to the water company, when the swindle was discovered.

## QUEER ANIMALS FROM AUSTRALIA.

A collection of rare animals and birds from West Australia has just been brought to by two naturalists. It includes fifty-seven species and wallabies, two species of which are new to Europe, and over 6,000 birds.

## PARIS BAND'S ARRIVAL.

Remarkable Scene of Confusion Mars the  
Welcome at the Station.

Amid the resounding cheers of the members of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards' Bands and of hundreds of spectators, the band of the Garde Republicaine, France's finest combination, arrived in Victoria Station from Paris yesterday afternoon.

The eighty members of the band, who are nearly all professors at the Academy of Music, were not left for an instant in doubt as to the delight which their coming afforded; and a regrettable scene of confusion marred London's first cordial greeting.

When the cheering had died away and warm handshakes had been exchanged, it was found that the luggage of the entire party was almost unrecognizably mixed, and it was an hour before the visitors could get away from the station.

Station porters were strangely few, drums rattled as they fell to the ground, and the Frenchmen, some of whom were not well after a stormy Channel passage, had to carry their own trunks through the mud to the waiting omnibuses. But the visitors, to their credit, treated the whole affair as a joke.

Not any of the baggage, it appeared, was marked, and the Frenchmen, not understanding our methods, simply entered the omnibuses and waited.

Contributing causes were that the omnibuses were lined up at the wrong platform, and that the party had to go to the hotel instead of to one. Then the luggage, destined for the Hotel Cecil, was discovered on top of the omnibus going to the Tavistock Hotel.

M. Gabriel Pares, the conductor of the band, said the trip across was "Tres mauvais," but he was glad to be in London. "As we left Calais we played the 'Marseillaise,'" said he, "and those of us well enough played 'God Save the King' on reaching Dover."

The band was afterwards entertained at a banquet at the Hotel Cecil, Sir Edwin Cornwall, chairman of the L.C.C., being present to welcome them. Beside each of the visitors sat a French-speaking member of the committee.

The band will give a series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden, beginning to-night.

## MOVING WELSH MOUNTAIN.

House After House Is Devastated by Its Irre-  
sistible Progress.

The inhabitants of Troedryhiwfwch, in the Rhymney Valley, Glamorganshire, where the great landslide took place about a year ago, are watching with increasing anxiety the slow but irresistible movement of a mountain towards their homes.

Already the garden of the village inn has been swept completely away, the inn itself, built on a solid bed of rock, remaining intact.

A short time ago several houses disappeared on the mountain between the Rhymney and Taff-Bargoed Valleys, and some of them have never since been seen. It is supposed that they were swallowed up in some upheaval of the land.

In the village of Sebastopol every house is disjointed and bears traces of damage. The nearest house to the inn is untenanted, and the keystones over the doors and windows are out of position.

## THE PRICE OF BREAD.

Cheaper in Middlesbrough and Dundee, but Dearer  
in Two Districts of London.

An official return issued by the Board of Trade yesterday shows that at the beginning of February there was no change in the price of bread per 4lb. in twenty-four of the twenty-six large provincial towns, as compared with a month ago.

There was a fall at Middlesbrough of 1d. per 4lb., however, and a fall of 3d. at Dundee.

In London there had been a rise of 3d. per 4lb. in the East and N.E. districts, and the predominant price is now 5d.

## NATAL NATIVE OUTBREAK.

PIETERMARITZBURG, Friday.—At Isopo Hooflats and Impendible the Europeans have been scared, and have formed laagers for their protection, on an unfounded rumour of native trouble.

No Europeans have, however, been attacked, and their property is safe.—Reuter.

## FOOD THAT GROWS BY COOKING.

Vegetarian food analyses are likely to lead to error, said Dr. Willoughby, yesterday, lecturing at the Institute of Hygiene.

"Any person could eat a quarter of a pound of meat, after cooking, but who would sit down to consume the amount of porridge that could be made from a quarter of a pound of oatmeal?"

## NO BACHELORS AFTER THIRTY.

Mr. Asa W. Elson says he will introduce a Bill into the Ohio Legislature requiring each bachelor to pay a special tax large enough to support one "old maid."

## LABOUR'S POLICY.

Workers Favour Female Suffrage  
and Local Veto.

## QUEEN'S FUND DELAY.

The Labour victories at the recent election were celebrated by an enthusiastic meeting held at Queen's Hall last night.

Mr. Keir Hardie was the principal speaker, and declared that in the future Labour would be the dominant fighting factor in politics.

After journeying to the Queen's Hall the delegates of the Labour Representation Committee Conference spent hours and hours in discussing a policy and a programme.

The most amusing incident of the day was when a messenger walked up to Mr. Keir Hardie with a cheese-box containing a birthday cake from a young lady of St. Helens, and bearing the inscription, "Many happy returns to the Labour Party."

The net result of the day's discussion was as follows:—

A proposal to prevent Labour candidates from including in their election addresses "any expression of political faith other than that of the Labour Party" was lost.

The Labour M.P.s were instructed to draft a Trade Union Amendment and Consolidation Bill defining the position of trade unions in the clearest possible terms.

### Free and Secular Education.

A resolution reaffirming the declaration that unemployment was the direct outcome of the private monopoly of land and capital, and the consequent want of organisation of industry in the interest of the community, was carried unanimously, and workers were warned against the emigration schemes promulgated as a redeemer for unemployment. The Unemployed Workmen's Act was also declared to be totally inadequate as a measure for even temporarily alleviating the suffering arising from unemployment.

Equal voting rights for women were demanded by 435,000 votes to 432,000, and a readjustment of taxation, designed to secure for the community "all unearned incomes" was declared a definite part of Labour policy.

It was decided by 817,000 votes to 76,000 to draft a Bill for "free and secular education" to the age of sixteen years, the cost to be borne by the national exchequer.

A general "entente cordiale" leading to disarmament was advocated, and local veto was supported by 666,000 votes to 163,000.

The starting of a Labour newspaper and the prohibition of betting news was agreed to.

Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., was unanimously re-elected as secretary of the party, and Belfast was decided on as the scene of the next conference.

## ADMINISTERING THE QUEEN'S FUND.

The work already done by the Central (Unemployed) Body of London was outlined by the chairman (the Rev. Russell Wakefield) at a meeting of the "body" yesterday.

Eight schemes for providing employment have been organised. Of these six are already in operation, and the other two start next week. In all 3,280 men are to be employed for extended periods.

The rate fund of £25,000 is not to be expended on office expenses as stated. It is to be used for emigration, employment exchanges, and kindred uses, as well as for administration expenses.

An attempt to raise the wages of the men employed from sixpence to sevenpence an hour was defeated.

## UNEMPLOYMENT GROWS WORSE.

"The amount of distress due to unemployment in January was slightly greater than a month ago, but much less than a year ago," says a report issued yesterday by the Board of Trade, which summarises returns received from the distress committees appointed under the Unemployed Workmen Act.

The total distress was reported in 14 out of the 36 districts of London and neighbourhood, and in 31 out of 92 provincial towns.

"The total number of workpeople who, up to the end of January, had made application to thirty-seven distress committees in London and neighbourhood and to eighty-three committees in the rest of the United Kingdom was 90,411."

## ANOTHER CHURCH ARMY DEPOT.

The twenty-second Church Army labour depot in London was "officially" opened yesterday afternoon by Lady Nina Balfour. The depot, which is in Upper Holloway-road, has been in operation for some weeks, during which time about 150 men a day have been given wood-chopping to do.

The Rev. Prebendary Carline, head of the Church Army, has telegraphed to the organisers of the proposed unemployed march from Norwich to London, urging the processionists not to come, on the ground that there are already thousands of unemployed in the metropolis.

## TESTING OUR NAVY.

Commencement Yesterday of the Greatest  
Naval Manoeuvres on Record.

The most extensive manoeuvres ever held by the British Navy began yesterday, when fifty large warships, mounting 2,000 guns and manned by 40,000 men, commenced operations off the coast of Portugal.

Never before have the inhabitants of Lagos witnessed so impressive a sight as the British fleets presented.

The scheme of the manoeuvres will include the protection of the trade routes and the shipping bound for home ports with foodstuffs. An attempt also will be made to force the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Eighty mail-bags full of letters arrived for the fleet yesterday, says Reuter, and sixty oxen were sent on board the slaughter ship.

With the object of testing the scheme for quickly manning the Reserve Fleet at Portsmouth, an order was unexpectedly given yesterday morning by the Commander-in-Chief to bring the ships' crews up to full strength.

Within half an hour all the officers and men, who, under the scheme, are detailed at naval barracks for this purpose, had proceeded on board, and the ships were then practically cleared for action.

## MR. HORNER'S CHALLENGE.

Declares He Will Refute "Outrageous and Unjustifiable" Charges Made Against Him.

Mr. Frederick Horner, ex-M.P., yesterday attended at the Board of Trade Offices, Carey-street, the adjourned meeting of shareholders held under the failure of the Mayfair Printing and Publishing Company. Mr. Horner asked, as a matter of justice to a public man who has been outgeneraled and unjustifiably attacked, to be permitted to make an explanatory statement.

At the previous meeting the chairman was reported to have said that there appeared to have been many instances in which money was obtained by Mr. Horner on the Continent by cheques signed by one of the directors of the company, although the authority to the company's bankers required cheques drawn by the company to be signed by two directors.

He (Mr. Horner) would, if he had heard the statement, which he did not, have emphatically challenged it, and now did so.

## DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

Dr. Chinnery-Haldane, a Notable Religious Author,  
Passes Away at the Age of 63.

After a long illness the Right Rev. James R. A. Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, died yesterday at the age of sixty-three.

Dr. Chinnery-Haldane, whose residence was at Allshellach, Orkney, N.B., was the author of "The Communicant's Guide" and "The Scottish Communicant."

He married a daughter of the late Rev. Sir Nicholas Chinnery, and leaves two sons.

## "KILLED MY DEAR KATIE."

Mere Boy Confesses in the Condemned Cell That  
He Strangled His Sweetheart.

Dear Mother,—I am sorry to tell you it was me that killed my dear Katie, and it is no use, I cannot keep it any longer, and, my dear mother, I hope that you will not be vexed with me for not telling you what I did when you come to see me.

This is a portion of a remarkable letter of confession received by his mother yesterday from John Griffiths, a young factory operative, who, at the last Manchester Assizes, was sentenced to death for the murder of his sweetheart, Kate Garatty, at Shaw, near Rochdale.

Griffiths is only nineteen, and there is a movement on foot to secure a reprieve on the ground of youth.

## THE KING'S OLDEST MASTER GUNNER.

The King has just honoured Master Gunner Turner, a Crimean veteran, the oldest soldier wearing the Royal Artillery uniform, with the Meritorious Service medal, which carries with it an additional pension of £40.

Master Gunner Turner is eighty-seven years of age, and for thirty-eight years has been in charge of Belvedere Fort, at Virginia Water.

## RECORD SHIPMENT OF GOLD.

Three hundred boxes of gold, value £1,923,657—the largest consignment of specie ever brought by one steamer—were landed at Plymouth yesterday from the P. and O. steamer Himalaya.



## AMATEUR K.C. AND HIS LANDLORD.

Fence Truculently Demolished with  
the Owner's Pickaxe.

### HUNGER AND BUSINESS.

Mr. Edward Kingsland, who is a "bespoke boot-maker" and the husband of a "costumier," used to live in a very nice house in the Brockley-road. But an unfavourable butcher named Denton, who happened to be his landlord, built a stable behind it, and moreover a rude man standing on a scaffold mimicked Miss Kingsland as she was doing her hair. So the house became nice no longer.

To show how very nice the house used to be, Mr. Kingsland brought a model of it to King's



Mr. EDWARD KINGSLAND.

Bench Court VIII. yesterday, and, conducting his own case, told the Court all about his troubles in impassioned periods.

During the most impressive periods of them all the model kept on tumbling to pieces, but Mr. Kingsland did not let these disconcerting circumstances interrupt the flood of his oratory. He merely remarked: "The house has tumbled down, but it does not matter," and flowed on.

He was making a claim against the unfavourable butcher for trespass, for the new stable overlapped his back garden by fourteen inches.

#### Doom of the Boot Shop.

The unfavourable butcher in his defence said that he had Mr. Kingsland's permission for it to overlap. At the end of Mr. Kingsland's term of occupation he was going to turn the bespoke boot saloon and the costumier's show-rooms into a pork butcher's shop.

Having obviously studied the niceties of King's Counsel's etiquette and methods of address, as well as the forensic art of making facts "stand out," Mr. Kingsland gave his abilities full play. The matter he had at his disposal was excellent for the purpose of displaying his skill as a pleader to the jury. Not only had he demolished it with Mr. Kingsland's own pickaxe. The pathos of this incident was made the most of by the bootmaker K.C.

Of repartee, too, he showed himself a thorough master, as the following dialogue demonstrates.

A Witness: I did not deliver the letter (containing a notice of building operations) to you personally because I thought you would have a rare lot to say about the subject. (Laughter.) I was hungry and wanted my lunch, so I dropped the letter into the letter-box.

Mr. Kingsland: I suppose your lunch would get cold. You surely know that my door is always open?

The Witness: I did not know it was open all night. (Loud laughter.)

#### Shave Before Lunch.

The bootmaker K.C. was for a while at a loss, but the moment of his triumph was not far off. The witness admitted that when he left Mr. Kingsland's letter-box he had a shave.

Mr. Kingsland: I thought you were so hungry. (Loud laughter.)

With masterly skill the bootmaker K.C. handled his wife's testimony to the best advantage when she went into the witness-box. He had referred her previously, when examining his son and heir, as "mamma" and "your mummy."

"We have never had a secret from one another for twenty-one years," he began, to give her confidence.

In less than a minute Mrs. Kingsland found herself so much at her ease that she was showing and explaining to the jury the exact manner in which the rude man on the scaffold had imitated—

1. A lady doing her hair.

2. A lady dressing.

"I went upstairs to my daughter's room," continued Mrs. Kingsland, "and pulled down the blind. Then the man laughed." (Horror in court.)

One of Mr. Kingsland's witnesses was a surveyor who demanded his fee before he gave evidence. The case was adjourned.

Judge Lumley-Smith, of the City of London Court, is seventy-two years old to-day.

## HOW SEATS ARE "OWNED." COUNT BONI'S DEBTS.

Stalls in the Albert Hall May Be Quoted  
on the Stock Exchange.

"Royal Albert Hall.—Seat-holder wishes to dispose of two amphitheatre stalls, front row, finest position. Cost £200. Certain investment."

Most of those who noticed this advertisement in the "Times" no doubt wondered what it meant. For their benefit Mr. Hilton Carter, the manager of the hall, gave some explanations to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"There are," he said, "about 1,360 seats in boxes and stalls which are proprietary, held on a 999 years' lease which commenced in 1867."

"When this hall was built, the Commission for the 1861 Exhibition gave the land on which it stands, the value of which is estimated at about £60,000,—and also gave about £80,000 towards the construction of the hall; while the public were asked to subscribe the rest of the money needed to defray the cost of construction."

"The subscriber of £100 received an amphitheatre stall; the subscriber of £200, two stalls; of £300, three stalls; and of £400, four stalls. One who subscribed £500 had the option of either a second tier box, which holds five seats, or of five stalls; the subscriber of £800 could have a loggia box of eight seats or eight stalls; and for £1,000 one was entitled to a grand tier box (ten seats), two second tier boxes, or ten stalls."

"In the 'seventies the hall was not prospering, and a seat rate was levied, each seat-holder having to pay a maximum rate of £2. Since then the seat rate has dropped to 30s., and this year I hope to make it 4s."

A seat-holder can, of course, let his seat or box for any particular occasion, at its advertised price. But, on ten days in the year, holders can be excluded from their seats, and on these days the hall is available for meetings, at which no money is taken.

"Such is the increasing popularity of the hall that a leading stockbroker is prepared to quote for Albert Hall proprietary seats. They are worth from £40 to £50 as an investment, although five years ago they were only worth £25 each."

### SCHOOLS AS FEEDERS OF ASYLUMS.

Present Education System Declared a Cause of  
"Backwardness" and Deterioration.

Dr. Whiteside Hime, at the Royal Commission on Feeble-Minded yesterday, said it was most important that children who are compulsorily sent to school should be protected from physical or bodily harm.

Children were sent to school at too early an age, and an amount of work was imposed on them which was highly injurious, and led to the very evil which it was the object of the Commission to prevent.

Mental overwork in schools built on wrong principles, with long hours of almost uninterrupted sitting and working, largely without the least useful educative effect, and with positive injury to the children, was the chief cause of "backwardness" and deterioration in children.

Charging at large in the gutter would be a good change from the "playrooms" in many infants' schools.

### HORRORS OF CHILD INSURANCE.

Magistrate Regrets That He Cannot Send a Worth-  
less Mother to Prison for Life.

Mr. d'Eyncourt, at Clerkenwell yesterday, was very severe in regard to a woman charged with neglecting her two children.

"This is," said the magistrate, "the worst case, in some respects, I have ever had before me. You (the mother) are lucky not to be charged with manslaughter of these as well as of your other ten children."

"You are the most unfeeling woman I have ever had to deal with. You absolutely wanted the child to die. It is an eloquent commentary on child insurance. You always took care that the children were insured. Some law should be made dealing with the subject."

"If I could send you to prison for life I would do so. It is the only place for you. However, as I have to deal with it, I give you the maximum—six months' hard labour."

### SHAFT ON FIRE, WITH 700 MEN BELOW.

Owing to a fire in a shaft of the Victoria Mine, Newton Grange, near Dalkieth, 700 miners have been thrown out of employment. They had been lowered by the shaft just before the fire, and had to walk a mile to obtain egress by another shaft. The mine is now closed.

### "DAY EXCURSION" OF 33 HOURS.

The Haslingden tradesmen, who organised last year a day trip from East Lancashire to Brussels, are undertaking a "day excursion" to Brussels at Whitstable. The distance to be covered is 880 miles, and twenty-four hours will be occupied in travelling, nine hours being spent in Brussels.

## CULT OF THE CAMERA.

Domestic Quarrel Said To Have  
Left Him in Great Straits.

### SELLS HIS WATCH.

Remarkable stories are being circulated about Count Boni de Castellane and his wife, who was Miss Anna Gould, the daughter of Jay Gould, the multi-millionaire.

Neither of the principals is making any statement in regard to the wife's petition for a separation, but friends on each side are busy justifying or extenuating, with the inevitable result that unedifying disclosures are not infrequently the names of some of the most distinguished persons in Parisian society being mentioned.

Mr. Edmond Kelly, counsel for the wife, has made clear the nature of the case. The Countess sues for a separation, not a divorce. She has already made the necessary preliminary appearance before a Court, but it is not yet possible to say when the case will be tried.

She will be content, it is said, if the Court permits her to have the children with her for a certain number of months in the year, and will not dispute the father's right of access to them.

One of the barely credible reports current is that the Count had to sell his watch, a heavily jewelled chronometer, for pocket-money. His personal banking account happened to be exhausted when the sudden daring took place, and he took that course in the hope of keeping the domestic quarrel a secret to his friends until a reconciliation should be effected.

### Free Watches for Electors.

The report is made all the more piquant from the fact that it is freely alleged that a discriminating distribution of watches played an important part in securing his election to the Chamber of Deputies.

"M. le Comte was talking with me quite as affably as if he were one of ourselves," a peasant-elect is reported to have stated, "when, 'Pardon, monsieur,' he said, 'M. le Comte! Is the time of day?'"

"What, M. le Comte! You must ask someone else," said I, "for between the sun and my stomach I manage to tell when it is the dinner-hour without any watch."

"What, my friend, no watch?" says M. le Comte. Oh, a fine little fellow he is, even if some thing of a dandy. "Here," says he, and hands me this watch out of his own pocket.

"And if it ever goes wrong," says M. le Comte, "you just take it to Maitre B., the watchmaker, and he'll make it go at my expense."

While creditors are said to be besieging the Count, moneylenders are pursuing him with offers, believing that the Countess will discharge his debts and even provide for his future. Blank cheques, it is even declared, have been offered to him. Some friends affirm that they are sure that the estranged couple will soon again be living under one roof.

### AGONY OF BLACKMAILERS' VICTIMS.

Judge's Stern Comments on Notorious Crime of  
Torturing to Obtain Money.

When Mr. Justice Bucknill resumed, at the Bristol Assizes yesterday, the trial of Frederick Hammond Cook, on a charge of blackmailing Dr. Eager, the prisoner withdrew his plea of guilty and his accusations against Dr. Eager's moral character.

The Judge advised prisoner, in his period of retirement, to think over the appalling mental agony prosecutor must have suffered in consequence of his abominable conduct.

There were those who got a living by blackmailing, but prisoner apparently had borne a good character hitherto. Still, as a warning to others who carried on the nefarious crime of torturing men to obtain money, he passed the maximum sentence of five years' penal servitude.

### ALDERMAN'S CASUAL DUTIES.

Disqualification by Six Months' Holiday Must Not Be  
Too Rigidly Enforced.

How long can an alderman absent himself from meetings of a corporation without being deprived of his position?

"The provision of the Local Government Act of 1894, that the office becomes vacant if the holder is absent for six months consecutively, was evidently not clear enough for the Shoreditch Borough Council, which refused to hear Alderman Kershaw on November 24 last, as he had not been at a meeting since May 16."

Mr. Justice Warrington yesterday upheld the contention of Mr. Kershaw that there had not been an absence of six months, as it was wrong to count from the date of the May meeting.

At the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday a receiving order was made against Mr. Edwin Cleary, lessee and manager of Olympia, Limited, the debtor filing his own petition.

Hundreds of Amateur Photographs Reach  
the "Daily Mirror" Every Day.

The fact that hundreds of snapshots were received at the *Daily Mirror* office yesterday shows that great interest has been aroused by the announcement in our columns that a weekly prize of £2 2s would be given for the best amateur photograph sent in for competition.

The photographs received are now being examined by the art editor of the *Daily Mirror*, and the best will be published on Monday.

For every photograph used we shall pay 10s. 6d., and, in addition, a prize of £2 2s. will be awarded every week to the person sending in the photograph which our readers consider the best. Voting coupons will be published in our columns.

Competitors should remember the following points:—

Photographs should possess a new value and contain "action."

No negatives should be sent in. Only prints will be considered.

Each photograph should bear upon the back the competitor's name and address and the word "Competition," and be enclosed in an envelope marked "Photograph Competition."

A stamped and addressed envelope must be sent with each photograph if the sender desires to be repaid, but in no case will the Editor be responsible for the loss of photographs.

In order to simplify our system of book-keeping we shall only pay the money on the application of the photographer, who must cut his picture out of the *Daily Mirror*, and send it in with his request for payment.

The best way of finding out the kind of photograph likely to win a prize is to study those taken by professionals which daily appear in our columns.

### GREAT RAILWAYS' GROWING AMITY.

North-Western and Midland Decide To "Avoid  
Unnecessary Competition" for the Future.

For the avoidance of unnecessary competition and to secure economical working, the London and North-Western and Midland Railways have come to a mutual arrangement.

At the meeting of each company yesterday this momentous announcement was made. Lord Stalbridge informing the L. and N.W.R. shareholders that efforts were being made to induce the other great railways to co-operate in the movement.

Increased traffic during the second half of 1905 has been the happy experience of both companies.

### IS HUMOUR A RECOMMENDATION?

Doctors' Amusing Repartees to an Inquisitive  
Board of Guardians.

Plenty of humour was supplied to the West Ham Board of Guardians yesterday, when sixteen doctors sought the post of district medical officer.

Some of the answers to the question "Are you a total abstainer?" were: "I abstain from all things that are bad"; "Not quite"; "Next door to it"; "I'm temperate."

"Are you married?" elicited the following replies: "Yes, and I have twins," and "No, but I have thought of it; I'm engaged."

The guardians impressed upon the selected candidate the necessity of treating persons who came under his charge in a kindly manner, and suggested that free certificates of illness should be granted to persons in receipt of poor-law relief.

### A CASE FOR AN OLD AGE PENSION.

Young Girl's Scanty Earnings Not Liable for Aged  
Mother's Support.

"I feel much more respect for girls who go into service than for those who flaunt about the streets at night," said Mr. Fordham at North London Police Court yesterday.

This remark was made in reference to Louisa Montague, summoned by the Hackney Guardians to show cause why she should not contribute to the support of her mother.

She is earning £20 a year in Berkshire, and the guardians asked for half a crown a week, as these girls had no expenses but providing clothes.

The girl said that her mother had not brought her up, and was practically a stranger to her. The summons was dismissed.

### DO NOT MISS

### 'POISON ISLAND,'

"Q's" New Serial Romance of  
MYSTERY & ADVENTURE,

IN THIS MONTH'S

"LONDON," 4½d.

NOW READY.



200 Pairs Coster Barrow Wheels; new, cheap.—63, New Kent-rd, S.E.

NEXT SATURDAY



February 17, 1906.

THE DAILY MIRROR.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror*, are at 13, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.

PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1906.

## MISS ROOSEVELT'S MISFORTUNE.

THE Americans are a most interesting study. They are fond of talking as if they were a new race, vigorous with the energy of youth. They are, of course, an old race, just as old as the British. The only thing new about them is their country.

If you take a cutting from an old tree and plant it in virgin soil of an unusually fertile character, you get a rapid growth. But you will find that it retains all the distinguishing marks of the parent tree. These will probably be exaggerated, but they will leave no doubt as to the sapling's origin.

That is just the case with the Americans in their exceptionally fertile land. They have the traditional British virtues, energy, tenacity, enterprise, so much exaggerated that we think they are different altogether, and call them American virtues.

They have also the British vices, such as money-grubbing, lack of interest in anything but business, politics, and sport; snobish curiosity; worship of people in high place—also magnified out of recognition until they now pass for defects peculiar to the United States.

The Pharisee who thanked God he was not as other men is always held up to contempt and pity. Yet it may surely be permitted to us to be glad, without Pharisaism or priggishness, that our newspapers are not like those in New York. And the difference in newspapers means that the people who read them are different, too.

For a newspaper, remember, reflects the ideas and the ideals of its purchasers. When we read in American journals columns of silly mendacity about Miss Alice Roosevelt and the preparations for her wedding to-day, we must bear in mind that the readers of these journals demand snobbery and flunkeyism and "spicy" rubbish.

Americans who come to Europe frequently tell us that no intelligent person in the United States believes a word of anything he reads in their public prints. It is necessary to recollect this on such an occasion as the present.

Many people in this country are under the impression that Mr. Roosevelt is behaving like a circus-proprietor; that Miss Alice Roosevelt is an immodest, under-bred notoriety-hunter; and that both are doing their best to make to-day's wedding beat anything Barnum or Imre Kiralfy has ever done in the way of spectacle and noise.

As a matter of fact, the Roosevelt family have done everything they could to keep the ceremony private. The bride is in full agreement with her father's well-known view that women should not live in public. The bridegroom is quiet and unassuming. All who are chiefly concerned hate the fuss that is being made.

Yet, to please the Paul Pry's and the Peeping Toms and the Curious Kates who form the majority of their readers, the American papers have been filled every day for weeks past with "news" about this purely domestic event. Most of it has been invented, and all of it presents the participants either in an odious or a ridiculous light.

Weddings are always interesting—especially to women. A romance enacted in the fierce light which beats upon presidential elbow chairs as well as thrones naturally attracts more attention than a lowly love-affair. Yet, what would happen to any British journal that dealt with Princess Ena's engagement as the American Press has dealt with Miss Roosevelt's? It would be excluded from every decent person's house.

We may be as snobbish as Thackeray said we were in "The Book of Snobs." But we do admit that the line must be drawn at insulting and vilifying young girls. It is Miss Roosevelt's misfortune to live in a country where vulgarity knows no check and lies are the daily food of nine-tenths of the population.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The wise man will want to be ever with him who is better than himself.—Plato.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE new "Life" of Archbishop Temple is written "by seven friends." We are now quite accustomed to many-authored history books, composed by companies of learned men, each authority taking the period with which he happens to be most familiar. The "periods" of Temple's existence are distributed according to a similar plan. Is this idea going to be universal in literature? If so, the day may come when novels, too, will be put together after the fashion of a mosaic, when one author will attend to the "love interest," because he is a specialist on that subject; another to the descriptions of scenery, because he is a naturalist; and a third to the society dialogue, because he is what the French—but not the English—call "a clubman."

The Temple biography will set people discussing the character of this not universally popular prelate, and telling anecdotes about him, once again. One of the most touching scenes in his long life came near the end of it, when he officiated—aged, trembling figure—at King Edward's Coronation, and had to allow the King to help him to

requested to speak. Instead of an ordinary, honied discourse he made a few plain remarks, which certainly expressed his thoughts. "This school is a useful school. It may not be perfect. I don't say it is. But it exactly answered my purpose—so I sent my son to it."

Amongst schoolboys, of course, Temple had a wide reputation as being, in the famous appreciation of him, "a beast, but a just beast." Schoolboys do not, as a rule, prefer mellifluous manners to sincerity. But older people often do, and certainly Temple often offended them. There was, for instance, the great dignitary who approached him with some request at a public meeting, and was met with a stare and "Yer name?" in a gruff query. Sometimes he surprised, too, by simply doing his duty.

There is a story which I have not yet found in the "Life"—though it may be buried somewhere in its proximities—to the effect that he once heard a man at a dinner-party express doubt upon some essential point of belief. The Archbishop said nothing. But the next day he presented himself at the doubter's door, and asked to be allowed to

## OFF FOR A QUIET HONEYMOON!



To-day Miss Alice Roosevelt marries. Where she will spend her honeymoon is kept a profound secret. If the place were known half the population of the United States would make a point of going there too!

his feet when he found himself too weak to rise, after kneeling in the ancient attitude of homage. As he murmured a few words of blessing over the King's head, the latter seized his hand and kissed it.

King Edward has a well-deserved reputation for "doing the right thing," as the cold phrase goes, on these occasions—not the "right thing" so much, indeed, as the touching, the inevitable thing. Those who were present on the great occasion when Gladstone was buried in Westminster Abbey will remember another instance of this. After the main part of the service was over, and Mrs. Gladstone sat by the opened stone floor, looking infinitely sad, and all the more pathetic for being, as people knew, averse from all publicity—a woman who had spent her days in obscure service to the great man whose body lay at her feet—the Prince of Wales (as the King was then) went up to her, and bent over to kiss her hand, in the midst of that silent multitude of watching people.

Archbishop Temple's bluntness of manner must have gained him the sympathy of King Edward, who notoriously dislikes formal, affected people. He was, indeed, a man who spoke out his mind with an amazingly straightforward sincerity. I remember once attending a prize-giving at a well-known preparatory school, where Temple had been

seen him, to talk over his difficulties in case it might be possible to destroy them. How very unconventional!

There is to be a Frederic Lamond concert at the Bechstein Hall this afternoon. We ought to be proud of Mr. Lamond, since he is one of the very few really original performers we have to save us from the reproaches of Hungarians and Poles with impossible names.

Mr. Lamond is a native of Glasgow, which perhaps may not seem the ideal city for artistic youth to develop in. Living there allowed him, however, to hear plenty of good music. He was so enchanted once (and the story illustrates his "precozity") by Hans von Bulow's playing of a Beethoven Concerto, that he went, the morning after he had heard it, to the chief music-shop in the city and asked for the piece. "It is fourteen shillings," said the man there, looking doubtfully at the poorly-dressed boy. "What do you want it for?"

"To play it," said the musician. "Well," said the sceptical shopkeeper, "if you can play half of it, or even a dozen pages of it, I will give it you!" Lamond sat down at one of the pianos in the shop and played so well that the man had to let him take the book away, though he had not given a penny for it.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

If a ritualistic service, such as "E. J. M." recommends, be incomprehensible to people they cannot worship with the understanding, and its elaboration only tends to take from the spirituality, and therefore the efficaciousness, of the so-called worship, and becomes scarcely more elevating than watching a theatrical performance of moral character.

I take it that people go to church in order to worship, otherwise the going is a mere farce, and if they really desire to worship, "bare walls" will not require any more "effort of faith" to imagine the Divine than painted ones—perhaps rather less, and "commonplace tunes" would help rather than hinder, since those who wished to join in would be able to devote their mind to the thoughts expressed in the hymn or other singing instead of requiring their main effort to master an elaborate tune, thus leaving to the meaning of the words but scant consideration.

Putney.

G. E. MARTIN.

## INCOMES OF HEAD WAITERS.

The manager of the Cecil Hotel, who made that statement to the *Daily Mirror* about the "four-figure incomes" of head-waiters at London hotels, must at the time have been talking very much at random.

There are to my own knowledge two hotels in London where the income of the head of the restaurant (and the restaurant only) should run well into four figures, but that is all. A few other houses, where head-waiters make a substantial three-figure sum, are certainly not first-class West End hotels.

People who are leaving a hotel actually wait till the head-waiter is well out of sight, and then make a bolt for it.

Portman-place, W.

T. FREDERICK.

## THE CRUELTY OF FASHION.

In this connection it will doubtless interest many to learn that fashion is not only responsible for the death of many birds that can fly, but has even to answer for the total extermination of certain birds unable to escape by rapid flight.

Take the white "Booby" gannet, which, as late as 1860, nested in thousands on Funk Island (off Newfoundland), where now not a single specimen is to be met with.

For purposes of food and feather collection, the crews of whalers used to drive these birds into pens where they were unresistingly knocked on the head with cudgels in thousands, hence their name of "Booby."

Guildhall Library, E.C.

A GANSET.

## THE DIVINING ROD.

Can any reader inform me if there is any dependence to be placed in the divining rod and dowser? If so, what magnetic qualities does it contain, and why cannot it be used by one person as successfully as by another?

Has it been successfully practised of late years? Does any movement take place over minerals different from that over water? Can the diviner tell the difference by the movement of the rod? Green Bank, Paignton, Devon.

J. S.

## A GIRL OF THE MOMENT.

## Miss Alice Roosevelt.

IF the accepted view of what women really care for in this world of vanity be the true one, she is the happiest girl alive, for her wedding to-day may, without hyperbole, be called the wedding of the century.

She has all the advantages of royalty without its tedious drawbacks. She has wedding-presents "to the value of 260,000"—for everything, even genius, has its market price stuck upon it in America—and all the Sovereigns of the world have contributed to their magnificence.

She has wealth, she is famous, she has been all over the world under the pleasantest possible conditions, and she has had, with all that, no signing of documents, nor dull receptions, nor other official duties to go through.

Above all, unlike royalty, Miss Roosevelt has not made an official marriage. She chose the man she wanted, she has persisted in the choice, and at the present moment she can feel, with the satisfying pleasure natural to women, that many thousands of her countrywomen would willingly lay one another with hatpins and finger-nails if they could, by doing so, get a chance of seeing her married.

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 16.—The time draws near when we shall be busily sowing and planting again. This reminds me that a glorious opportunity is given to us every autumn and spring, an opportunity to make our gardens really beautiful, to break away from conventional ideas.

For instance, let us burn our hideous hedges of weedy privet and plant hedges of sweet briar or other roses. Let us decide not to fill our best beds with the charming, but overworked, geraniums and violas, etc., but to grow great masses of hardy larkspurs, lilies, campanulas, in them. Let our walls be covered with clematises, roses, wistarias instead of the everlasting ivy.

E. F. T.



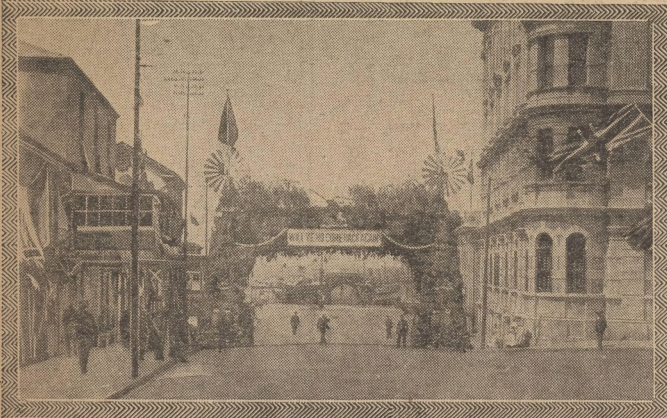
# PHOTOGRAPH

## REHEARSING THE ROYAL TEAM OF CREAMS.



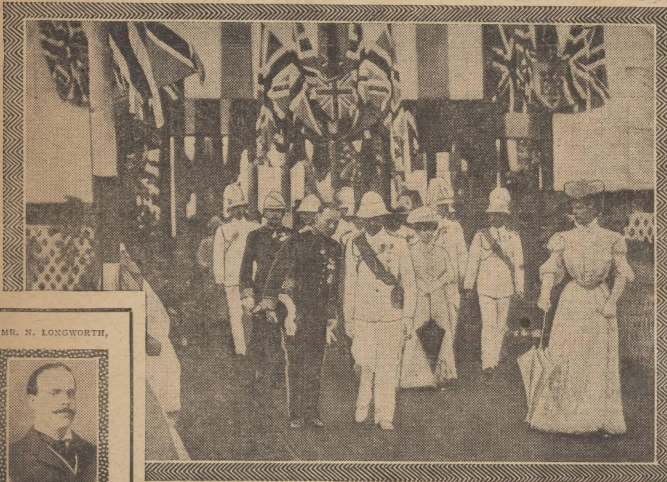
Every detail of the opening of Parliament by the King on Monday next has been most carefully worked out beforehand. The above photograph, taken yesterday, shows the eight cream state horses drawing a van weighed up to the tonnage of the state carriage. The men are wearing mourning bands for the late King of Denmark.

## ARCH OF FRUITS IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



To welcome the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Port Elizabeth the above arch of fruit and other choice products of the Colony was erected, and created the greatest interest among the royal party.

## WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN INDIA.



MR. N. LONGWORTH,



Miss Alice Roosevelt's  
bridgroom.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leaving the gaily-decorated reception hall at Mandalay. (Photographed by the *Daily Mirror* staff photographer accompanying the royal tour.)



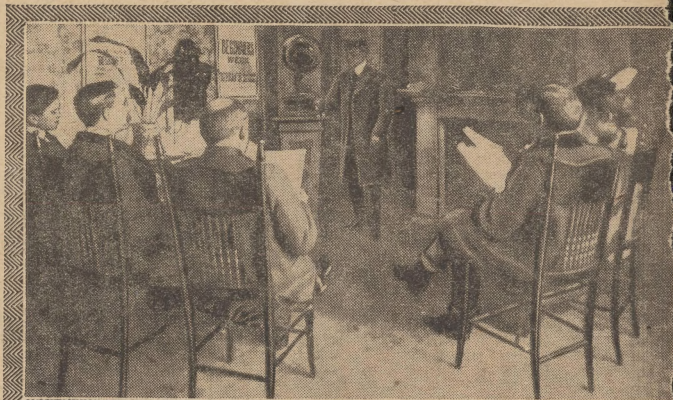
# MIRROR CAM

## OLD BERKELEY HUNT CROSSING THE



Dating back from the eighteenth century, the old Berkeley pack of foxhounds is the most famous in the immediate neighbourhood of London. The kennels are at Chorley Wood, a station on the Metropolitan Railway, and they enjoy many fine runs in

## LEARNING FRENCH BY THE GRAMOPHONE.



At the City end of London Bridge Professor Bizeray is teaching French by the gramophone which makes a model master, as it never loses its temper at a dull student.

## BISHOP OF LONDON PRESENTS THE PRIZES A



Established ten years ago, the St. Clement's Maternity Training School last year brought the latest hygienic treatment and feeding to the assistance of 526 babies. At the annual show at the Fulham Town Hall of babies born during 1905, and thus



# PHOTOGRAPHS

ORD AT HAMPER MILLS, WATFORD.



Middlesex. Unlike many hunting photographs, in which the field pose before the camera, the above depicts an actual incident during a run, the field crossing the ford at Hamper Mills, Watford.

THE NEW MISS ROOSEVELT OF AMERICA.



After her elder sister's wedding to-day Miss Ethel Roosevelt will advance to the dignity of Miss Roosevelt and be the principal feminine figure at White House.

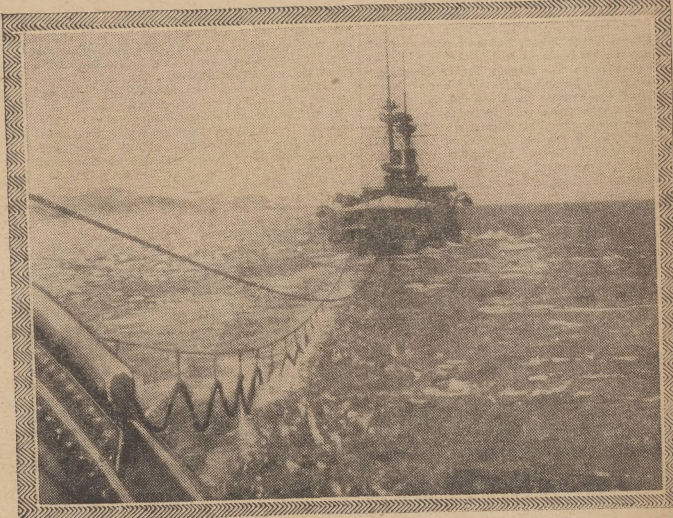
ST. CLEMENT'S BABY SHOW AT FULHAM.



under a year old, 400 entered in competition for prizes which were presented by the Bishop of London, whose speech was the signal for all the babies to commence crying. The above photograph is of the prize-winners.

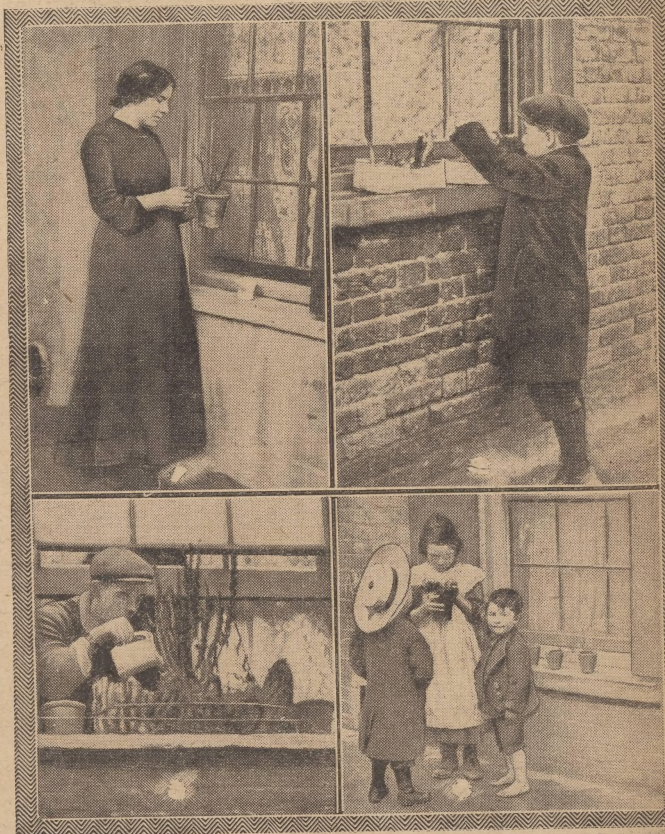
# SNAP SHOTS

HOW WARSHIPS TAKE IN FUEL AT SEA.



One of the greatest advantages of oil fuel for warships is that a supply can be obtained while under weigh. The photograph depicts H.M.S. Victorious towing an oil steamer by a hawser, along which is a flexible steel hose through which oil can be pumped. As the Victorious is not fitted as yet for oil fuel, the experiment is being made with water.

LORD MEATH'S EFFORT TO BRIGHTEN EAST END STREETS.



As chairman of the Metropolitan Gardens Association Lord Meath offers prizes for window-garden competition in poor localities. The above photographs show some of the competitors for prizes carefully tending their exhibits.



# THE BROKEN LAW.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

## CHAPTER XXXII. Watersmeet.

Mrs. Lampirthy, after many useless tears and violent protestations, had been forced to accept the inevitable, and a few days after her husband's first interview with Mr. Mallard she moved the whole of her large establishment down to Watersmeet.

The great castle, which lay some fifty miles inland from Gaunt Royal, had only recently been purchased by her husband, and neither of them had as yet spent more than a few nights in the place.

Directly Mrs. Lampirthy installed herself in her new home, she let everyone know that things were going to be done with a regal splendour in keeping with her enormous wealth. She kept a whole army of servants, thirty-two horses, and four motor-cars. She kept open house and lavished money in the district to such an extent that it became the Mecca of every vagabond in Wales.

Fifty years ago this woman would have had to cringe and toady to get into the best society. But ideas have changed since then. The toadying and the cringing are all on the other side now. The God of Wealth is supreme.

There was no lack of society round Watersmeet. The motor-car has so annihilated the distance between country houses that the possible circle of one's acquaintances is almost too large. The whirl of society is as fast and exhausting as in a London season. Friends, who live forty miles away, drop in to lunch, and go off again in the afternoon. They will come sixty miles for a dinner or a ball or a garden-party.

Mrs. Lampirthy was called upon by every family of note in the neighbourhood, and a few people came from a considerable distance to leave their cards.

Among those who came from afar to pay court at Watersmeet was Sir Henry Gaunt. He had once met Mr. Lampirthy over a business deal, and had every reason to regret the meeting; but he made this an excuse for calling and asking Mrs. Lampirthy to lunch.

The invitation was accepted, and Sibyl, who had been out riding in the park when Sir Henry and Lady Gaunt had made their call, accompanied her mother to Gaunt Royal.

The child's entrance into the drawing-room created something of a sensation. She wore a simple muslin dress, and her large white hat was tied down with a flowing motor-veil. Her small face, rosy with the rush of the air against her cheeks, looked very lovely in its setting of white lawn and golden hair. She was one of the most beautiful children in England, and unfortunately she knew it.

Mrs. Lampirthy was not surprised when she saw the look of amazement on the face of her hostess as the latter shook hands with the little girl. She was accustomed to this tribute of admiration. Wherever little Sibyl Lampirthy went she attracted attention, and few people who met her for the first time could disguise their wonder at the superb loveliness of this child. But Mrs. Lampirthy was destined to be undeceived in this particular case.

"Why, Harry," cried Lady Gaunt to her husband, "did you ever see such a likeness? It's absurd!"

Sir Henry Gaunt nodded. He was not listening and did not understand. His thoughts were wandering among the names of eligible young men. He was wondering who would be fortunate enough to capture this little beauty for his wife. Mrs. Lampirthy stared inquiringly at her hostess.

"She's the very image," said Lady Gaunt. "I must show you the picture now—before lunch. Come into the Long Gallery. We call it that, but it's nothing but a passage, with windows down one side. Come with me, dear. I'll show you the picture you've stepped out of."

They entered the long gallery and paused before a portrait. Sibyl clapped her hands with delight and earned a look of reproof from her mother. Sir Henry Gaunt smiled approvingly as though he were responsible for the whole surprise. Lady Gaunt pointed to a gilt tablet screwed to the frame, which bore the name of "Gwladys Gaunt." Mrs. Lampirthy looked from the picture to her daughter and then back again to the picture. The resemblance was certainly extraordinary, but the advantage was all on the side of the living child.

"What an odd coincidence," said Mrs. Lampirthy with a smile. "But what a shame to desert the poor child like that. I suppose she is an old woman by now."

"She would have been," said Sir Henry gravely, "if she had lived. But she died before she was twenty-one."

Mrs. Lampirthy shuddered, and she took hold of Sibyl's arm. The child was excited at seeing herself in a sort of fancy costume, and chattered volubly. Then the distant tones of a gong vibrated through the house, and they all went in to lunch.

When the meal was over Lady Gaunt, who had conceived a strong liking for Sibyl, offered to take the child round the grounds and along the edge of the cliff. Mrs. Lampirthy had no desire for such violent and unnecessary exercise, and she preferred to endure the studied and precise conversation of Sir Henry, finding compensation in the softness of an armchair.

Sir Henry, being a man of no tact, started a lengthy discussion on the antiquity of his family,

and the part they had played in the making of history. Mrs. Lampirthy reposed quietly in her seat, and tried to take an interest in a certain Sir Richard Gaunt, who had done something or other in the middle ages. The man's voice seemed to hum on like a threshing machine. She caught occasional words, "a chief embattled, partly per pale argent and azure." "He won his spurs at Poitiers." "My brother, you know, poor chap." "The Santigan was lost with all hands!"—and so on, until the droning ceased, and looking up she saw Sir Henry Gaunt standing before her with a faded photograph in his hands.

"That's poor Dick," he said in a tone of dignified sorrow, "as good a chap as ever there was." Mrs. Lampirthy roused herself to a contemplation of the ancient photograph which was thrust into her hands. She was not pleased at the interruption. Sir Henry's conversation only required an occasional "Yes" or "No" to keep it flowing at a rate which obviated all necessity for comment. But here was something tangible and concrete, something that required a remark showing an intelligent interest in the photograph.

She stared at the portrait, yellow with age, and the name of the photographer who had taken it. She knew the face, but she could not understand why it was suddenly thrust before her notice, why it had flashed out of the darkness of fifteen years. Her small, pretty face grew old and haggard, and her hands trembled. She knew that she had to say something, and she did not know what to say. "Yes," she muttered feebly; "oh, yes, of course."

Sir Henry Gaunt, full of the greatness of his family, did not notice her confusion. He was fortunately fond of repeating himself, in order to emphasise the value of his statements.

"Sir Richard Gaunt," he said proudly, "as good a chap as ever there was. The wreck of the Santigan—you remember it. I dare say he died as nobly as his ancestors before him. We have none of us ever been afraid to face death."

Mrs. Lampirthy collected her thoughts, and gazed at the portrait as though it were the face of a dead friend. The man, whoever he was, was dead. That much was certain. Yet there was a good deal that she wished to learn about him.

"Your brother?" she said with a look of sympathy. "How sad! Oh, yes, of course, I remember the wreck of the Santigan. But this is an old portrait. It is so faded."

"It was taken fourteen years ago," said Sir Henry solemnly. "It is the last we have of him. He couldn't bear being photographed. I often wish we had a picture to place with the others of our race."

"Oh, yes, what a pity you haven't," said Mrs. Lampirthy. She was thinking of the other picture which hung in the Long Gallery. She understood why Sibyl was so like the portrait of Gwladys Gaunt.

"Yes, that is poor Dick," said Sir Henry, taking the photograph from her hands. "A good chap, a bit wild, but generous, and high-spirited. I dare say, Mrs. Lampirthy, you will hear all of my poor brother in these parts, but believe me when I say that he had all the old fighting spirit of our race."

"It is most interesting," said Mrs. Lampirthy, with an effort at well-bred indifference. "It must be a great thing to belong to a family which fought—where was it that Sir Richard Gaunt fought?"

"Poitiers," said Sir Henry with a smile. "But there, Mrs. Lampirthy, I've bored you. I am an old fossil. I dare say you've been laughing at me all the time."

"Laughing?" said Mrs. Lampirthy, with a face so ghastly that it forbade any thought of mirth. "Oh, no, Sir Henry. I have been most interested. But where is Sibyl? We ought to be making a start. She has some children coming in to tea."

Sir Henry Gaunt walked over to one of the windows and looked across the lawn.

"I don't see them, Mrs. Lampirthy—oh, yes, they're on the cliffs. Come outside and look through the telescope."

Mrs. Lampirthy followed him on to a broad verandah, and placed her eye to the telescope. She saw her daughter clinging to the arm of Lady Gaunt, and the sight did not please her.

"They'll be back in ten minutes," said Sir Henry, "and you'll be home in an hour. I suppose you can do the thirty miles in the hour—no policemen about here in the daytime. They're out all night after poachers, and sleep most of the day. By the by, I suppose you saw nothing of that preaching fellow on your way here. The police have had a nice job with him from first to last."

Mrs. Lampirthy made no reply. Her eyes were fixed on her daughter and Lady Gaunt. She was wondering why the child moved so slowly. Sir Henry, a little piqued at her inattention, rang the bell, and gave instructions about the motor-car.

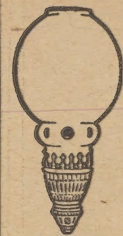
A quarter of an hour later the powerful motor-car was tearing up and down the hills which lay between Watersmeet and Gaunt Royal. Sibyl chattered like a small sparrow. Childlike, she was full of enthusiasm for her newly-found friend.

Mrs. Lampirthy heard nothing but the quick pulse and throb of the engines. The car seemed to be saying the same three words again and again in unending monotony of rhythm: "He is dead. He is dead. He is dead."

That was all the car had to say on the matter.

(To be continued.)

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Price complete 6/.



Design 12.  
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SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, O.B., M.D.

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"Equally suitable to Invalids and Old People."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE.

TRY  
**KOMPO**  
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The Rt. Hon. T. BURT, M.P., writes: "In travelling long distances in cold weather I have used it with great advantage; it gives a glow and genial warmth to the system of a much healthier and more enduring than any thing else I have tried."

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# DAILY MAIL



# THE MONEY MARKET.

Depression on the Stock Exchange  
—No Business Doing.

## FOREIGNERS FIRM.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—It is necessary to search to find adjectives to describe the state of the Stock Markets to-day. Perhaps they are best not described, for the feelings of most stockbrokers and their clients were too painful to bear words. Business there was next to none. Depression existed in plenty.

To-morrow is, of course, the preliminary carry-over in Kaffirs. We have the settlement upon us, and now everybody is asking how many failures there are likely to be. That is not conducive to market joviality. Fortunately, with the steady depression in Kaffirs, we have seen it coming for a long time. Some people say that the Kaffir houses are doing their best to show the Government and others what depression means in South African mining circles. More probable is it that people who have been shouldering burdens of shares for some time past have found the load too much for them, and have let the shares go.

## KAFFIRS QUITE HOPELESS.

Kaffirs were just too hopeless for anything to-day. Probably, however, the big clearance has done good. Weak Kaffirs seemed to cause liquidation in other mining sections, and altogether it was a pretty bad day.

Consols drooped, but closed at 90 11-16, with a little more heart in them, owing to the talk of the Bank securing gold in the near future.

Home Rails had several good points, but the dribbles in the way of liquidation continue, and so there was no heart in the market, and only Scottish rails seemed to have a stiffer backbone. Yet at both the North-Western and the Midland meetings there were cheering statements, and these two companies are making a working arrangement whereby they hope to reduce competition and effect economies, just as the North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, by their agreement, have succeeded in doing.

## PLIGHT OF AMERICAN RAILS.

American Rails are also in rather a parlous plight just now. Not that there is any particular cause for the alarm other than existed some days ago. But there is still buying of Grand Trunks, owing to sanguine expectations about the traffic to-morrow. There is a cheerful tendency still for the Mexican Railway group, owing to the talk about a new arrangement at the port of Vera Cruz profitable to the Mexican and the Inter-oceanic companies. But, as a whole, American Rails are weak, though Buenos Ayres has been buying Rosario in the Argentine Railway group for some days past.

The firmness of most of the Foreign favourites, like Spanish and Turks, in face of the Algierais Conference, is considered a cheering factor. There is remarkably little to be said elsewhere. There is selling of the Government securities, and also the Chinese speculative shares of the Pekin Syndicate order, on the trouble in China itself.

## COPPER TOUCHES LOWEST.

Copper has touched the lowest on record in the matter of stock and supplies of the metal in sight; yet such is the uncertainty just now that copper itself is dull and the leading speculative shares connected are flat. Of course, speculators hit elsewhere find it necessary to sell their gambling holdings in these copper shares. That seems the true explanation.

The Dock group seems in favour again, and Regent's Canal shares have had rather a sensational jump to 63 on rumours of various projects about which no official details are forthcoming. The brewery group, after showing more firmness during the last day or two, seems to have developed another fit of nerves.

We are asked to state that the Esperanza Copper and Sulphur Company will be advertising its prospectus on Monday next. It is a Spanish property in the province of Huelva. The capital is £350,000 in shares of £1 each, and 185,000 shares are now offered for subscription.

## FASTING MAN 45lbs. LIGHTER.

Confident of Holding Out for 15 Days Yet, Though His Previous Heaviest Loss Was 48lbs.

Will he hold out? is the question being asked with increasing curiosity about Herr Sacco, who has now completed thirty out of his projected forty-five days' total fast at the Italian Circus.

He has lost 45lb. in weight, which is very near his previous heaviest loss of 48lb. When seated he looks much as he did a month ago, but when he stands erect the looseness of his collar and the sag of his waistcoat are strongly evident.

He confesses that he feels very weak, and he has considerably reduced the number of cigarettes he smokes per diem. The doctors who examine him daily describe his condition as "feeble." But, plucky as ever, he looks forward with unabated confidence to completing his self-imposed task.

# OPENING THE KING'S LABOUR TENTS IN HOLLOWAY.



Lady Nina Balfour (in the centre) at the opening yesterday of the King's Labour Tents at the twenty-second Church Army depot in Holloway. Here the unemployed will be given work at wood-chopping at a wage of two shillings a day.

## POLICE GUARDS FOR ANXIOUS WOMEN.

Lonely Wives Protected While Their Husbands Are Away.

## HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

Fearing for the safety of their womenfolk in a quarter of Chicago where police protection is inadequate, husbands and fathers in Sheridan Park and Duena Park have initiated a co-operative system of defence.

A vigilance service has been established under the name of the Sheridan Park Protective Patrol, which furnishes uniformed guards for unattended women to and from street cars and the elevated railway stations and to and from the markets and stores of the neighbourhood.

In addition, day and night protection of premises is furnished and instruction in the safeguarding of property and in dealing with burglars is given for the special benefit of defenceless women.

It is now a common thing to see tall, broad-shouldered, blue-uniformed men conducting women after dark to the groceries or awaiting outside while their charges stop within. After dusk they meet almost every train arriving in the district in case a woman is going home by herself.

The motto upon which Captain Lewis worked when he began to organise the force for wealthy residents, who are alarmed at the number of burglaries and outrages upon women, was: "Employ officers with whom the women will not be ashamed to be seen in the street." So the policemen are chosen for their looks.

## HOW TO FOOL BURGLARS.

When the force was once organised, Captain Lewis drew up the following list of "Don'ts for defenceless women," and sent a copy to every house in the district:—

- Don't let letters accumulate in the letter-box. Order the janitor to remove them when you are away, or they will serve as a notice to "flat-workers" that you are out and the coast is clear.
- Don't leave directions to your grocer on the back door. This is another tip to the burglar that you are out.
- Don't open the door to anyone after dark without knowing who it is. Call through the tube or ask behind the locked door.
- Don't trust a stranger because he is well-dressed. The immaculate thief is dangerous; the ragged one generally is harmless.
- Don't trust the locks. Most apartment locks are toys; a burglar can "jenny" them in half a minute.
- Don't leave the house without making sure that all windows are fastened. Leave all curtains up with a possible exception of bedroom. This often fools a burglar.
- Don't be impolite to a burglar if you find one in the house. Invite him to take it all, and the first chance you get run to a neighbour and call the police.
- Don't scream in the presence of a burglar or "hold-up man." If he is an amateur he may lose his presence of mind and hurt you.
- Don't walk close to a building after dark; give an alley a good margin.

Duena Park to a large extent and Sheridan Park to an extraordinary degree are occupied by up-to-date American apartment buildings. Plots of land which were prairies a year ago are now crowded with buildings.

In Sheridan Park more flat-buildings have been constructed in the last two years than in any other section of the city. In these hundreds of apartment buildings and in the cottages, the multiplication of which in the last year has also been noticeable in this part of

the city, live thousands of defenceless women. Sheridan Park is well known as the paradise of young married couples—couples just starting out in life, and too limited in income to keep a servant.

In thousands of other more pretentious households in this section the improvement in the convenience of flat-life likewise has eliminated the necessity of servants. In such apartments dwell the most defenceless of all lone women of Chicago. Their husbands are at their work through the day, returning after nightfall. Often the only man seen from the flat-window during the day is the janitor, and when he is in another part of the building he might as well be asleep, so far as protection in case of emergency is concerned.

Burglaries are so common in the district that they are the principal topic of conversation in the markets every morning. "Were there any robberies last night?" is the stock question that the housewife asks her grocer or butcher as she gives her order.

## PRIVATE POLICE PATROL.

The local grocers send their clerks or delivery boys home with their feminine customers as much to protect them as to carry their purchases.

Captain Lewis was engaged by a committee of citizens, the money was furnished for a private patrol, and three patrolmen were hired. From an initial list of fifty subscribers the service has been increased to the employment of twenty-five watchmen and the protection of 750 residences.

The enterprise has now been placed on a paying basis, and a flat rate of 6s. 3d. a month is the charge for all services of a protective nature desired by the householders.

Captain Lewis has laid out his territory in a manner similar to that of the city police system. Each guard travels a certain beat every night, inspecting from twenty to thirty apartments and residences, and each time he starts on his round from a different point, in order to time his return over the beat at infrequent intervals, which, however, are not longer than one hour.

The guard tries all the doors, examines the windows, and explores the alleys and areas-ways. If he finds a door unlocked or a window unfastened the family is notified.

# Mr. Strange's Statement

Facts of interest to every reader of this paper are given in the letter which we print below.

Our readers may gain a valuable hint from a communication which Mr. William Frank Strange, of New-street, Poole, has permitted us to publish. Realising that thousands of men and women suffer constant annoyance and distress from that prevalent ailment, indigestion, and having found in Iron-Ox Tablets a remedy which cured him when all others failed, Mr. Strange feels that he should tell others about them and the good health which they brought him.

New-street, Poole.

It gives me pleasure to inform you that your Iron-Ox Tablets have quite cured the indigestion to which I was a positive martyr for many months. I used to have terrible pains in my chest after



MR. WILLIAM FRANK STRANGE.

eating. Sometimes I had pain in my back and shoulders. When I lay down at night I suffered from a pain around the heart, in the mornings I always had a nasty bitter taste in my mouth. I took your tablets regularly for about a month, and at the end of that time all traces of indigestion and pain had quite disappeared. I sleep well, and am free from distress after meals. My appetite is good and I am not troubled any longer with nausea.

(Signed) WILLIAM FRANK STRANGE.

Note what Mr. Strange says. For many months he was a positive martyr to indigestion. He was racked by pain. The bitter, nauseating taste in his mouth robbed him of his appetite, and caused him the greatest discomfort. If you, too, are a victim of indigestion you will understand what Mr. Strange suffered, and how hard he found it to attend to his duties when weakened and sickened and disheartened by nausea, pain, and distress.

Then Mr. Strange heard of Iron-Ox Tablets, and he decided to give them a trial. In a month's time he was able to write the letter which you have just read. The indigestion has disappeared, the pain has ceased, nausea and discomfort are things of the past. To-day Mr. Strange has a good appetite and thoroughly enjoys his meals. He digests his food readily, his nerves are quiet, his blood is pure. He sleeps soundly, and awakens strong and refreshed, able to throw himself into the daily hurly burly with vim, energy, and enthusiasm.

Do you wonder that Mr. Strange is grateful to Iron-Ox Tablets? Do you wonder that he feels called upon to publish these facts in the *Daily Mirror*? Cannot you understand the thrill of joy which he feels when he realises that the ailment that tormented him so long has been cured at last? And now, will you profit by his experience? You need not suffer from indigestion any longer. Mr. Strange's experience, which is exactly the same as that of thousands of other British men and women, shows you clearly and plainly that Iron-Ox Tablets can cure indigestion, banish nausea, drive away pain, bring back appetite, give you sound sleep, and make you strong and well.

A dainty aluminium pocket packet of 50 tablets for 1s. (Our 4s. size contains 250 tablets; it is the more economical because it gives you five times as many tablets as you get for one shilling.) If your chemist has not got them they will be sent post free (on receipt of price) by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

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F. J. BESLEY

(ex-Mayor of Reigate).

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## Dress in Which Miss Alice Roosevelt Will Go Away for Her Honeymoon.

### TO-DAY'S GREAT AMERICAN WEDDING.

#### A FEW OF THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU TOILETTES.

Pineapple-coloured cloth, a delicate shade of amber somewhat paler in tint than the banana and apricot dyes, has been chosen by Miss Roosevelt for her going-away dress to-day, after her marriage to Mr. Longworth. It will be seen sketched at the top of the illustration on this page, cut en Princesse, with a rounder bolero finished in front with a cross-over waist, of handsome embroidery. The hat is a picture model handsomely

the woman of to-day. It is expected that she will make her appearance in London as a bride, and that she will attend one of their Majesties' Courts, upon which occasion it is just possible that her white satin wedding-dress, with its wealth of lovely lace, will be worn, deprived, of course, of the high lace yoke and collar with which it is fitted for to-day's ceremony.

### RED BRIDAL GOWNS. WHEN WHITE WAS INTRODUCED.

It is interesting to note that the choice of white for wedding gowns is comparatively of modern origin. The Roman brides wore yellow, and in most Eastern countries pink is the bridal colour.



The beautiful butterfly robe, one of the loveliest gowns in Miss Roosevelt's trousseau, is sketched above. At the top of the picture is shown the bride's going-away dress of pineapple cloth, and on the left a visiting toilette made of soft silk, with trimmings of Oriental embroidery.

plumed, one of the type much affected by the bride, and constantly repeated in her trousseau.

Another hat she much affects is a round turban, such a one as is shown on the seated figure at the left, with a trousseau gown of the Empire vogue made of soft silk, embroidered upon the high bolero with Oriental embroidery, and belted with a folded ceinture fastened over at the left side by means of handsome buttons.

A gown that has excited much interest is also sketched. It is made of rich white gros grain silk, trimmed about the décolletage with a berthe of old lace. The gown is cut en Princesse, and is very simply made, so that the flight of gorgeously-hued butterflies, some of which are made of solid embroidery, with trembling antennae, while others are raised from the background, and are made of tinted and embroidered tines, may have due effect. At the hem of the robe the butterflies are larger and thicker than they are upon the corsage, but upon the sleeves, so prettily cut to show the crown of the shoulders, there are none.

Miss Roosevelt takes with her into her new life a splendid outfit of beautiful dresses, millinery, and all the accessories of the elaborate toilettes of

In the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance period brides wore crimson to the exclusion of all other colours. Most of the Plantagenet and Tudor queens were married in that vivid hue, which is still popular in parts of Brittany, where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade.

It was Mary Stuart who first changed the colour of the bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis I. of France, in 1558, which took place, not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame, she was dressed in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length.

This innovation caused a great stir in the fashionable world of the time. It was not, however, until quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white, the colour worn by royal widows, became popular for bridal garments.

### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The prize awards, the honourable mentions, and the picture for this week's competition are unavoidably held over until Monday's *Daily Mirror*.

## DINNER TABLE TALK.

**SHE:** Why don't you look as cheerful as this when you are dining at home? Your face has been beaming all through dinner.

**HE:** Well, my dear, we have had a very good dinner, haven't we?

**SHE:** Yes, I suppose that's the reason. I really think nothing pleases you men so much as a good dinner.

**HE:** I suppose everybody likes that.

**SHE:** I begin to think Punch was right in the advice he gave to the young married girl whose husband was not treating her well.

**HE:** What was that, my dear?

**SHE:** Mr. Punch said—"Feed the brute."

**HE:** I should prefer to put it a little more delicately—in fact, as the Duke of Connaught did at the Cookery Exhibition.

**SHE:** Did he make a speech?

**HE:** Yes; and he said that "good cookery brought happiness into the home, and did a good deal to make a husband's life happy."

**SHE:** I admit that we have had a most excellent dinner here, but you can't expect to get such perfect cooking at home.

**HE:** Why not? Here comes the Manager. Let us ask him how it is done. (Asks him.)

**MANAGER:** Two things are absolutely essential for a good dinner—First-rate materials, and the best cooking. The cooking is the chief difficulty.

**HE:** Then you probably agree with the Duke of Connaught when he said that no country had better material to be cooked than ours, but he feared that in the past much good food had been wasted by bad cooking.

**MANAGER:** In private families that can scarcely be avoided; for instance, the modern kitchen, although very useful, cannot roast meat like the good old-fashioned open fire.

**SHE:** How do you do your roasting?

**MANAGER:** Here at Simpson's-in-the-Strand we roast all our joints at a very large open fire. Baked meat would never do for our guests.

**SHE:** I suppose you cook a very large number of joints at Simpson's, don't you?

**MANAGER:** Yes, Madam. Since we reopened last year we have cooked over 10,000.

**SHE:** Well, you must have given great satisfaction to have cooked that immense number. But how is it your meat is so deliciously tender?

**MANAGER:** Our meat is the very finest, and we hang it until it is perfect for the spit. Private houses cannot hang meat like we do; they have not sufficient facilities. Our steady daily sale enables us to provide relays of joints hanging in the larder, which no private house can do.

**SHE:** I wish you would let me send my cook to Simpson's for a week.

**HE:** That is a capital idea.

**MANAGER:** Similar requests are made every day. We should be delighted to oblige our guests, but it would necessitate our kitchen being made three or four times its present size.

**SHE:** Look, my dear, at all those clergymen and their wives coming in.

**HE:** Why, there's a Bishop amongst them.

**MANAGER:** Simpson's is a favourite dining place with the clergy. When they are in London for the May Meetings they come in large numbers. They appreciate good wholesome food properly cooked, and seem to enjoy it so much.

**SHE:** Well, I hope they will have a cut off as good a saddle of mutton as we had; it was splendid.

**HE:** Yes, and I never ate a finer turbot. The lobster sauce was perfect, too.

**MANAGER:** During all the years I have been at Simpson's I have never had such a chorus of praise as on the evenings this season when Wagner's "Ring" was played at the Opera at Covent Garden.

**SHE:** Why was that?

**MANAGER:** During the interlude for dinner we were simply crowded out with distinguished guests.

**SHE:** Were they in evening dress?

**MANAGER:** Yes, all of them, and wearing the most lovely diamonds and other jewels. The room looked brilliant.

**HE:** Well, of course, this Ladies' Dining Room is charming. It is one of the most attractive rooms I have ever dined in.

**SHE:** The white Adams decoration is so sweet, and those dainty Angelica Kauffman pictures on the walls and ceiling are quite beautiful.

**MANAGER:** It was a pleasure to serve them, they were so loud in their appreciation. The ladies liked our boiled Surrey fowls and Bath chaps, for which we are celebrated, and the early English asparagus was in great demand.

**HE:** Did they have this Cheddar? What a splendid cheese.

**MANAGER:** Yes, and it was thoroughly enjoyed. We are very famous for our Cheddars; these in cut took the first prize at the Somerset Dairy Show.

**HE:** I've been told that you have got some specially fine Port.

**MANAGER:** I am sorry to say it is going very fast. In 1892 we bought a bin of 1851 Port, which was bottled at Hatfield Peveril, in Essex, in 1853, and we moved it straight from there to Simpson's.

**SHE:** I have heard that the Knights of the Round Table dine here. Who are these Knights?

**MANAGER:** It is a select literary and theatrical club, composed of celebrated writers and actors. The members have for many years met at dinner once a week at a famous round table, which is almost historic.

**HE:** You have managed to re-house them in your new building?

**MANAGER:** Yes, I am glad we were able to give them a club-room. The fine old round table presented a difficulty. When the old Simpson's was pulled down we found that it would not be possible to get the round table through the windows of the new building.

**SHE:** But didn't you say it is here?

**MANAGER:** It is, madam. The club-room had virtually to be built up around the table.

**SHE:** How pathetic! It is almost as if the table said, "I have been here for so many years and refuse to move."

**MANAGER:** Well, the table certainly got its own way, for it was the only thing in the old building which retained its position.

**SHE:** Do many Americans come here?

**MANAGER:** We have a very large number. They are always interested in the historical associations of Simpson's. They like to hear about the Rebel Peers dining here and the celebrated statesmen, lawyers, actors, and journalists who have been so attached to Simpson's.

**SHE:** Do you mean the Rebel Peers who joined in the rising of the Pretender? What year was that?

**MANAGER:** Yes. It was in 1715. This house was called "The Fountain" then. The Fountain Club had its meetings here 200 years ago.

**HE:** What kind of a club was that?

**MANAGER:** It consisted of the political opponents of Walpole, of whom Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, was the foremost. It was in connection with one of these meetings that Sir C. H. Williams wrote his celebrated lines on Pulteney, which no doubt you remember.

**SHE:** No. I'm afraid I don't. What were they?

**MANAGER:** "Then enlarge on his cunning and wit, Say how he harangued at the Fountain, Say how the old patriots were bit, And a mouse was produced by a mountain."

**SHE:** What did the Rebel Peers do?

**MANAGER:** You remember, they were beheaded at the Tower, and on their way back from their trial at Westminster they persuaded the Captain of the Guard to allow them to stop here and have one good dinner.

**SHE:** And did he?

**MANAGER:** Yes; but the Lord Chancellor was very angry.

**SHE:** There! The ruling passion strong in death! Oh, you men. Mr. Punch was quite right. You do dearly love your food!

**HE:** I don't think, my dear, you can say much. You seem to have enjoyed your dinner.

**SHE:** Yes, but it has been an exceptionally good one.

**MANAGER:** Thank you, Madam, for the compliment. I hope you will honour us with your company again. May I say that Simpson's is open on Sundays from 6 p.m., and that many of our customers bring family parties on Sunday evenings when their cooks are off duty?



the nine running by the Light Blue, R. P. Crabbe, of Corpus College, who won the Strangers' One Mile Handicap from scratch by twenty-five yards in the splendid time of 4min. 21 1-5sec.



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Yours faithfully, R. CALLAGHAN, Sergt.

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FREE Teeth.—The Free Teeth Association has been founded to supply Teeth free to the deserving poor, and to supply those of limited means and servants by small weekly payments.—For forms of application apply by letter, Free Teeth Association, 177, Westminster Bridge-rd., London S.E.

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